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Philadelphia, Friday, December 25, 1919

#### MOTOR RESTRICTIONS

COUNCILS, the police department and the engineers of the P. R. T. feel that they have wholly solved the problem of street traffic by sweeping restrictions applied to motors and motor traffic and the elimination of parking privileges on busy streets, they are mistaken.

General traffic ought to move more easily under the new rules. Simultaneously, however, the utility of automobiles is decreased. Any move that hinders or discourages the use of motorcars in the business section must be regarded as a step backward.

It should be possible for traffic experts to devise a better system than any yet proposed to relieve street congestion. Engineers know better than any one else that motorcars are a public convenience and a general necessity in modern business. To casual observers it will seem that if vehicle traffic were better ordered and systematized and kept in designated currents, parking space for automobiles might be made on many cross streets in the central district close to the shops banks, business houses, office buildings, restaurants and hotels whose patrons will now be put to a good deal of trouble and

The police in this instance are doing their best under difficulties. But we might as well admit that parking space is a public necessity. The authorities ought not to be content until it is provided in one way or another.

#### THE SUBWAY, TOO!

THE news from City Hall suggests that a guard ought to be stationed to proteet the clock until the old Council departs safely into history.

## A HAPPY NEW YEAR?

DESPITE all that Mr. Lodge, Mr. Hitchcock, Mr. Borah, Mr. Reed and their associates could do, Christmas seems to have been pretty happy the country over. The people, as you might Bay took it into their own hands

Congress has had time to cool off. The Senate has one more chance. It has it in its power to make the last part of the conventional holiday wish something more than a phrase for the country and the world at large.

## HONORS OF THE DAY

ONE fact consistently overlooked by suffragists and all advocates of woman's rights who might have made most excellent use of it in the hard years of battle and defeat was revealed yesterday as it has been revealed every December for lo! these many years.

A look behind the scenes of Christmas, where the worrying and the work are done, and the experience of all the expectant world that waited at the bottom of the chimneys to be gloriously rewarded for its faith, made it pretty apparent that Santa Claus is a lady.

## THAT 1926 ANNIVERSARY

GOVERNOR SPROUL is the latest convert to the plan for a celebration in this city of the 150th anniversary of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence. He believes something big should be done to commemorate the occasion.

It takes years to prepare for an adequate celebration of such a notable event. It is not too early to begin the discussion of plans and methods,

An international fair similar to the Cen tennial Exposition has been suggested. With the co-operation of the federal gov ernment such a fair could be made bril-Hantly successful, but it does not yet apnear whether this would be the best way to commemorate the anniversary of the setting up of the first real democracy in the Christian era. Some persons are hoping that the celebration will take the form, in part at least, of an exhibit of what democracy has done for the world in one hundred and fifty years. Kings are no more what they once were; the people are in the saddle in every considerable nation, even in those nations where monarchy is still retained as an ornament and

But an adequate and suitable plan can be agreed upon when the big men of the country are persuaded by the big men of this city that the thing should be done in

## MAETERLINCK AMONG US

WHILE it cannot be said that the "message" of Maurice Maeterlinck has undergone any marked change since published his first volume of poems in 1889, his freedom from tyrannies of form has been frequently exemplified Artistic cults, compounded mainly of youth, would do well to observe this flex-Free verse, "imagist" writing, for instance, be legitimately a but hardly the end of expression. Maeterlinek who penned "Serres

Chaudes" and "La Princesse Maleine," imitative of Mallarme, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, Verlaine and Baudelaire, sought to suggest the wonder and mystery of life in terms which, while often lovely, lent themselves easily to burlesque and parody. Literary Europe laughed when Mirbeau called their author the "Belgian Shakespeare.'

The seasoned Maeterlinck, our present guest, has surrendered none of his high spiritual purpose, but he has spoken in such varied voices as those heard in "The Life of the Bee," "Monna Vanna," "Wisdom and Destiny," "Pelleas and Melisande" and "The Blue Bird."

It is primarily as the author of the last named that he comes to our shores. The typical Maeterlinckian philosophy pervades it, the awe and admiration of life, the unafraid inquiry of death.

It is a stimulus to have Maeterlinck in America. Faddists and apostles of freak schools may profit by his example, which means so much now, which would have meant so little had he come here as a younger man and unformed.

#### THE OLD COUNCIL PLAYS TRUE TO FORM

We Shall Soon Know Whether Its Successor is Loyal to the Old or

the New System THE councilman, who in voting to himsel, and his colleagues the desks and chairs they have occupied remarked that they were not "cheap skates," has not a proper appreciation of the relativity of

If this is the best they can do in the way of loot for their own profit they are cheap, indeed, and are not doing justice to the reputation of the city. We have not been accustomed to expect such pettiness from the councilmen. In past years the local legislators have risen to their opportunities with a proper appreciation of their magnitude. The so-called gas scandal and the misnamed water scandal are not forgotten by men of mature years. They are called scandals because, as a distinguished municipal statesman once remarked, it is occasionally prudent to "pander to the moral sense" of the community. As a matter of fact, they were notable triumphs for the theory on which this and most other cities have been governed for years."

There are innocent souls who think that the purpose of a city council is to serve the public. The public is served occasionally, as accidents cannot be prevented even by the wisest foresight, but the sophisticated know that in practice the primary purpose of a city council is to provide jobs for political workers so that the political machine may thrive. City government exists for no other purpose, according to this standard, than to benefit the politicians. What strengthens the organization, increases the amount of money it and its adherents can extract from the taxpayers and raises the professional politician from poverty to riches beyond the dream of the reformer is that in which they are chiefly interested. Public office is a private per-

quisite. Under this system the legislators owe allegiance not to the people who vote for them but to the boss who gives them their nomination. And the boss exploits government for his personal profit. The more thoroughly efficient he and his underlings are in the prosecution of their purposes the more money he and they make. If there is not a rake-off for somebody in every sum appropriated. then some one has fallen down on his

The local councilmen live up to their lights. They apply the theory of the system of which they are part and apply it with considerable intelligence and skill. When they are content with such petty pickings as a second-hand desk and chair they are laughed at by the

more skillful players of the game. Philadelphia has lived under this system of government for many years. Those who know what has been going on will admit that there is no exaggeration in the description of it in the preceding

paragraphs. Outsiders with different ideals have called our local system a criminal con-

spiracy. According to the best moral standards this description is accurate and fitted the case like the paper on the wall. But for years we exhibited a sort of shamefaced pride in the aptness of the characterization. The government that we had was the kind of government that we wanted or we would have changed it. The time came, however, when the people decided that they wanted something dif-

ferent. There has been a new deal. A new charter has been adopted, new leaders have been brought to the front, the old Council of 145 members has been abolished and a small Council of twenty-one has been created to take its place.

The new Council contains some men of the same type and the same ideals as those who sat in the old Council. It remains to be seen whether they have sensed what has happened in the city, or whether they will strive to serve the

When they agree on the plans for organization and on the methods they will use in doing business we shall know more about them. They can divide themselves up into a lot of little committees. each of which must be "seen" before anything can be done, or they can decide to do the greater part of their business in a committee of the whole, sitting in the

The new Council is no larger than many committees of Congress. It does not need an elaborate meeting room with all the flummery of a national or state legislature. The Council is really the board of directors of the city corporation. It can do its business better and more expeditiously if its members sit around a large table and discuss the questions be fore them in an informal manner than if it plans for oratory and flubdubbery to

impress outsiders with its importance. Those who backed the movement that resulted in the revised charter and in the election of Mr. Moore and the small Council are watching the preliminary moves with acute interest. They are

looking for a complete abandonment of the old methods with their secret meetings and whisperings in alleyways and in back rooms. The new Council can win the confidence of the city if it chooses, or it can decide to play the old political game for the benefit of the politicians.

The old system will die hard. Its supporters in the Council and out of it will fight to preserve as much of it as possible, for they know no way that seems better to them. What has been is what ought to be, according to their philosophy, but it is a philosophy which is the negation of progress. The people have decided that what was done is wrong and are demanding something better. If they don't get it there will be another reckoning in the future.

## AFTER MOORE-WHO?

DHILADELPHIA must not go back! Philadelphia will not go back!

A question of the gravest import is before the citizens of this city. It is not one of a single section, a certain congressional district-it is a question for the city as a whole.

Who shall represent the Third district in the House of Representatives to succeed Mayor-elect Moore?

Congressman Moore served Philadelphia and his country-he did his duty in Congress. As ranking member of the ways and means committee, as the leader in waterways development, as a port bocster and a virile Republican he left his stamp on the nation. His loss to Congress is a great one. Philadelphia, however, gains. But-who shall succeed him?

Will this, the greatest of American cities, be content or compelled to take a back seat in the hall of the nation's lawmakers?

He who goes to Washington from the Third district represents not alone a specified district but the city at large. He is the special representative of the heart of Philadelphia.

From Old Swedes' to Penn Treaty Park, from Wharton street to Allegheny avenue, from the Delaware river to Seventh street, with narrow slices of the Third and Fourth wards jutting to Broad street-a goodly area, taking in as it does the greater part of Kensington's mill district, the nerve-center of the city's finance and trade, the foreign settlements, the most densely populated territory and dotted with the world's largest hat factory, publishing house, sugar refineries and a mighty shipyardthis is the Third district.

The resources of this district, by careful tabulation, show little less than \$1,000,000,000, and her mills and factories turn out products each year amounting to more than \$200,000,000. One-third of the \$50,000,000 revenue of the city is derived from the eleven wards. Verily, this is the heart of the World's Workshop beside the Clyde of America.

The congressman of this district is the special representative of Philadelphia's waterfront, channel and harbor; his is the eye which must watch the shipping, his the arm to ward off attacks against the port and rally his colleagues to fight for the development not alone of the waterfront but of League Island. Hog Island and the river as a whole. The disposition of the monster \$70,000,000 shipyard and the \$15,000,000 government docks and the fostering of the Delaware bridge-these are problems for the next congressman

Let us have no weakling in Congress! Let us have no political time-server who would be sent to Washington as a reward and not to serve his country and, in serving country, serve Philadelphia, He must transcend factionalism.

The election of Mr. Moore as Mayor of Philadelphia is indicative of the majority will-no longer shall a man or set of men determine who shall rule. Yes-let us have no weakling!

This congressman, to be chosen at a special election, must be no sinister adjunct of a contractor regime, no political puppet of a petrified organization.

Let us have a man with vision, not a visionary; a man who abides by those principles born at the nation's altar within the district he serves, principles which make for peace between him who toils and him who owns, honest safeguards for capital and equitable laws and justice for the wage earner. His heart must be tuned to the ambitions of the home builder as well as the master financier-a big man to do this. His actions must be consonant with the spirit of the vast industrial interests he represents and comport to the humanitarian

trend of the times. Let us have a man of experience-tried experience-a man who stands rockribbed 100 per cent American, 100 per cent Philadelphian, anti-Red, anti-tool of labor or of capital, and one who will raise his voice and might against those who by their actions imperil the tried and

proved institutions of this nation, Consecrated to public welfare, imbued with a spirit of fair play and justice, believing in Philadelphia, an enthusiast for her development and prosperity, a lover of the nation-that man alone must fill the vacant seat in Congress and face the problems of his country and city.

Philadelphia cannot go back! Philadelphia will not go back!

Sims, madam? You sny it is? I know Save that his presence is as 'twere a cloak

To hide some names that make the column black-Or so he says; and I will not deny The board's first list had caused in me some grief-

As does this Sims !-For that they did not name in brave array The captains Fate had rasped upon the Oh, my prophetic soul, my brother-in-law!

After his visit of state yesterday, the most expensive bird in the world will now proceed to disguise himself for return visits, The really happy guy was he who found

lump of coal in his stocking. Philadelphia crowds did their Christmas

hopping early and late. Christmas mail is still extricating itself out of the hurly-burleson.

All aboats! Next stop New Year's Day.

## THE GOWNSMAN

Grandfathers and Grandsons

AVE you never a little grandson of your HAVE you hever a thick or a child? Do you know no little elfish face, peering into yours with the wisdom of the ages, brightened by a smile reminiscent of things better than those of this earth, a little face the sight of which makes warm the cockles of the heart to beat to a tune of youth and gladness? Do you know no little hand the little finger of which is more precious to you than a bushel of rubies, which can lead your listless old footsteps to whatsoever folly of a baby's play it will? If you do not, may time correct your deficiency and bring you o

T HEAR you, you mere parents, pooh pooh ing all this. "Think of a parent's joys, his duties and responsibilities!" you say, with that importmently important air which seems inseparable from the condition of and objective participation in the ancestry of a child, a delicate race amenity, so to speak, were not in itself a thing superior to dignity and ancientry to any mere nesting and brooding. Grandparents have com-monly forgotten more about children, their nature and upbringing than parents are likely to acquire in a lifetime. Whatever wisdom among parents their own folly has not dissipated they had of these same parents of parents, whose growth in wisdom and knowledge verily waxes with their years, precisely as the folly of mere parents increases with the number of the weaklings on which they exercise their folly and

THERE are people in this world who deny acquiescence in absolute government, who declare that, since the overthrow of the Romanoffs and the Hohenzollerns' selfadministered dose of Holland bitters, there is no absolutism left in the world. But little do they know. As an honest grand-father, do you mind getting down on the floor-stiff as you are-to play blocks? Do you resent the roguish little hands which tear away your newspaper from your grasp when you are reading the President's speech? Are you grumpy when-handkerchief ne cessities intervening-you break off in the middle of that fine point about the Czecho-Slovaks which you were making to Jones! Have you the sanctity of your own study Are you romp-proof? You never allowed John, his father, to do all these indescribable things that, in your dotage, you allow John's son to do. And, indeed, as all government in the last analysis, inheres in the consent of the governed, you deserve, my dear old fellow, exactly what you are so delightfully

STURDY little Alexander the Great was at first shut within the narrow Mace-donia of the nursery. Since marching infantry has been added to his forces, he has invaded other territory and established new domains. The climates ruled by hot and moist, whence chiefly comes the prov-ender, have long since yielded to his rule and now support him with Ethiopian fervor and devotion; and his irrevocably, too. are the contiguous provinces of pantry. closets and hallways. Less visited realms, in which foreign potentates are received in formal state, have suffered from intermittent raids and not without some devastation. Even the capital city, protected by forbidding cohorts of ancient volumes, dull and dusty in service, suffers Krom continual foray, and letters are tumbling to their fall. Books have been numbered and found wanting-in pictures; pencils have been tried and left-wanting in points. No ink has as yet been spilled; but we know not what a day will bring forth,

THE study table has of late been invaded 1 by certain beasts, strange and outlandish as any that have ever strayed out of Nosh's ark. A donkey and an ostrich are traversing a plane of white paper; a lion is hiding with a rhinoceros in a nile of namphlets; and an egregious elephant is sulking behind the dictionary. Even more intimate precinets have suffered from this zoological invasion; a very undomesticated cow was mixed up the other morning with the shav ing brush; and foxes wander among the bottles of the bathroom. And our little sovereign is the source of all these vagaries It is a delightful rule in which the imagina tion is kept agilely guessing what can possibly happen next. But what care we if our sovereign is imperious and uncertain His rule is indisputable and of divine right in token whereof his head is perennially crowned with a gold better than that either

THE race is old and weary, and our hope I is in the young. It is the old who faltered over this war, who hesitated, some of us, to carry our burden the rest of our short way. It was those who were running free and lithe in the footsteps of who, grasping the load, swung it on to broad and willing shoulders and are still carrying it joyfully to the goal. When the shadow goes before we can tread on it as it shortens in the brightness of noonday; when our shadow follows, it lengthens and deepens behind us as we move onward toward the night. There is an old mythologic story o how it was that the experimental gods who were in the dawn at the beginning. first created a world in which all things should be young together and, growing strength and beauty, should in time har moniously decline to be re-created anew in the following age. The morning of that first age was miraculously joyous, inconsequent, careless and heartless; its noon was like rainless, cloudless period in the dog days its night an arctic misery. And the experi mental gods, who were not cruel, revise their play, weaving anew the fabric of the world. And into the new tissue they wove inextricably at well the vivid colors of youth as the somber shades of age and discretion, perfecting the whole by shooting it through and through with the sunbeams of

childhood. THE child is the golden inheritor of the accumulated wealth of the ages, the only prince in the world whose title is unchalnged, whose throne is not tottering, whose right is veritably divine. And shall we use the onrush of savagery as we have used his fathers' before him, tossing him into nothingness as the price of the folly and the stupidity of a world grown hoary in sin? It must not be. For our new Alexander there must be conquests other than the Asias, major and minor, other ways in which to display the heroism always otentially within him; ways far other than in the brute glut of war. As we go out into the dark, when the last lurid cloud of this terrible day that has been has faded and the quiet stars reappear, let us hope that the morning will bring to our little prince a cleaner and a purer world; a world sustained by a sense of the inevitability of its great sacrifice, but a world, none the less, contrite and penitent as well. Our prince's ands at least are clean; his heart is pure Happy be his reign.

Wonder if General Pershing got any-thing on Christmas he liked so well as Aunt Susan's fried dried apple pie?

# THE CHAFFING DISH

Quatrain, in the Tennysonian Manner To Our Trusty and Well-Beloved Friend Who Sent Us a Flagon of Rye for Christmas

My corkscrew opes the cask of N-My goblets cheerly clink, My strength is as the strength of ten Because I've had a drink.

#### Appointment Unnecessary: He Smokes Dromedaries Now

Dear Socrates Just because the furnace went out as I started to go to bed tonight you are getting this communication from me. After I had revivified the partially extinguished eous mass by orange crate the red-headed pediat left last summer, and had distributed meticulous care about the blazing splinters a few black diamonds, it suddenly occurred to me that I would like to be a sort of spe cial contributor to the Chaffing Dish.

Now, I've gone through college, and don't make as much money as our iceman, but know where cockroaches go to in the winter-to my father's warehouse. And, besides, I sometimes crunch a bite or two W's Tunnel Restaurant or T's quick lunc! near the Ritz, when I'm not wolfing lusclous cream crullers round Ninth and Chestnut.

I'm sure that if you'd appoint me special contrib I might find out whether Guy Wheeler still smokes P——s, as he used to when he wrote a Portuguese grammar and whether Doc Rosenbach has bought any more garages for his folios. Might that I'm not much at answering the Quizeditor because of my meager education, but I've got a copy of Mr. Newton's "Amenities." Awaiting the appointment, Yours,

Our friend H. T. Bell is first to reach our post-Christmas roll of honor. He tells us that he sent the following letter to all his

friends:

In order to relieve in what measure I the great burden thrown upon our faithful postmen, I shall not send out any Christmas cards this year.

The Postman THE postman is a magic man, You never know what he may bring : It may be riches from Japan Or almost any wished-for thing.

TT MAY be diamonds bright and new Perhaps a piece of happiness, Or possibly some sorrow, too, For all your hopes you cannot guess

JUST what he carries in his pack.

I think we're really rather glad. If he told us what he had. BEATRICE WASHBURN.

#### DELAWARE AVENUE By MacKnight Black

THE one memorable collection of sea stories houses is published every day along the docks of Delaware avenue. It is bound in house and grime and the scream of a tug-boat's whistle. And whosoever walks that way may read, unless the printed words of books have made him blind to the pageler truth of the brilliant, brawling world

Here are the color and background all sea-stories, the sights and sounds smells of sea-going ships and men. perhaps, should any one ask for more, here he may find, fleeting and memorable, the very life-breath of the sea.

THE plots of the stories are hidden beneath planking and seagear, and only here and there does the shred of a tale fly free in the racy air of Delaware avenue. But plots are landsmen's inventions at best, and any writer of the sea whose knowledge of the deep is compassed by sunburn and shuffle-board can weave a story about a ship and her crew. But his will be a painted ship

upon a painted ocean, and all his words

"MISSED ME AGAIN, DARN YOU!"

Wordless and amazing, the seven seas lay all that they are at the doors of the city; yet all her people shun this drab, pricefess street and seek the romance of the world in bright-covered paper.

Every day the tide sets scaward, winds blow, and Delaware avenue tells old secret things and bright truth.

ON THE way down to the river one buys a on the way down to the river one buys a paper and turns to the shipping news. Here are an introduction and table of contents to Delaware avenue. The sun and tides at Reedy Island and the Breakwater are given for the day and one begins to live in a world where these things matter greatly. The ships passing in and out of the lonely, grey-green expanse of the Breakwater suddenly move in a world of reality. We know the salt swish of water about their bows. The bells of distant buoys clang sadly through the mist, a guil flaps through the grey, as the liners wait for sun and tide Like the slow-turning pages of an old, forgotten book the port of Philadelphia is

opening to us. The list of the names of the ships arrived and cleared is rich in color and suggestion of strange ports and far coasts. They breathe of old days on the forgetful sea, of the glory of waste places, of hard tradition and the eternal enterprise and restlessness of men. Kamesit, Ligonier, Lake Flume, Iver Heath from Liverpool and Fonduce from Spain, Santa Teresa, Evelyn and Aral liner and tramp and tanker, wanderers over the world, bearing changing crews over the familiar seas, they bring to Delaware avenue all the casual and disregarded wonder of the seven oceans, and give to her rumbling dullness a passing gleam of high enterprise

and far, clean spaces.
On Delaware avenue itself each pier holds a story or the memory of one that is whispered again at quiet hours by the lapping ofly waters and the insinuating give of . . .

As ONE walks north or south from Market street on the far side of the broad cobbled way, close to the water, there appear in sudden succession, like pictures set deep in box frames, the ships, quietly listing be-side the long arms of piers. Their stirring names leap out like flames from dingy bows on their decks men move in a high crowded world of rough wonder, and the whole striking reality of these soiled amazing ships co up from the sea, calls up a romance that is hard and true and undying,

here at the wharves one catches a breath of the sea blown landward, a brackish gust bearing all the sounds and smells of the tossing world of ships. In this dock a tramis lying up for repairs. Her scraped sides reck of red lead and from her comes the old strong smell of pitch. There are pungen odors that stir restlessness and worldin landsmen and call to seamen who hav lived a little while ashore until they remember and return to the sea.

At the next wharf but one lies the Zirkel clean grey liner, with high freeboard, lear hull and neat superstructure, clean masts and booms. She has just finished unloading her decks are still wet from washing down ship to dream of, cutting through blue bays and level, windless water, or pounding her way through slaty swells, rolling, trembling winning through the ugly passion of the sea High above her decks the watch strikes five bells.

THE stories of Delaware avenue have none A of the strained romance of print, no color that can be heightened or lost by any words Theirs is the high, clear tang of glorious inspeakable life, of work that is gay and rutal, of improbabilities and laughter the quick, harsh sweep of time across the sea and land. They are irresistible because they are made of the secret vagaries and the open strength and weaknesses of roving They catch the eye with great blotche of bright truth because they are bigarre and They are epic because they simply and gloriously are.

## Come Again, H. S.!

We are greatly pleased to know who wrote Street Closed." It was H. S. Macanley

## FROM THE COUNTRY

TELL you it is gay Down here. You ought to see the

hunter's moon, These silver nights, prinking in our lagoon. You ought to see our sunsets, glassy-red. Shading to pink and violet overhead.

You ought to see our mornings, still and clear, White silence, far as you can look and hear. You ought to see our leaves—the oaks and

ashes, Crimson and yellow, with those gorgeous spinshes, Purple and orange, against the bluish green

Of the pine-woods, and scattered in between The scarlet of the maples, and the blaze Of blackberry vines, along the dusty ways And on the old stone walls: the air just

And the crows cawing through the perfect calm Of afternoons all gold and turquoise

-W. D. Howells There are ever so many small children in town who know that Santa Claus is just

#### as successful in getting down a stove pipe as down a chimney. What Do You Know?

## QUIZ

For what Christmas was "A Christmas Carol" written by Charles Dickens? 2. What is the salary of the Vice President

of the United States? 3. Where is Unalaska?

4. Who wrote "The Physiology of Taste"? 5. Which European nation possessed New

Orleans for the longest period? 6. Name the Presidents elected by the Republican party.

7. In the reign of what emperor did the great fire of Rome occur? 8. In what town did General Pershing spend his boyhood?

9. Why are the northern regions of the earth called Arctic? What novelty of address did King George V employ in reading his speech to the Houses of Parliament recently?

Answers to Wednesday's Quiz 1. Asquith was Lloyd George's immediate Britain.

2. Hannibal lived in the latter part of the third and the early part of the second century, B. C.

3. The Nine Worthies were heroes of romance and chivalry whose story is told in the Arthurian legends. They were Joshua, David, Judas Maccabaeus, Hector, Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, Arthur, Charlemagne and Godfrey of Bouillor

Three of the most noted of contemporary French composers are Gustave Char-pentier, Camille Saint-Saens and Vincent D'Indy.

Divagate means to stray or digress, from the Latin "vagari," to wander. 6. The mange fruit grows on an evergreen tree of the order of Anacardiaceae, a native of India and the Malay pe-The tree attains a height ninsula. of about forty feet, but the undivided trunk is rarely more than ten feet long. The foliage is very dense.

Charles's wain is the constellation of the Great Bear or "Ursa Major," with its seven bright stars. The wain or wagon (plow) of Arcturus, a neigh of Arthur, in medieval lore, and became confused with the other hero Charlemagne or Charles the

8. Victor Berger comes from Milwaukee. 9. The corncob is a characteristically

American pipe. Dewey won the battle of Manile Bay on May 1, 1898.